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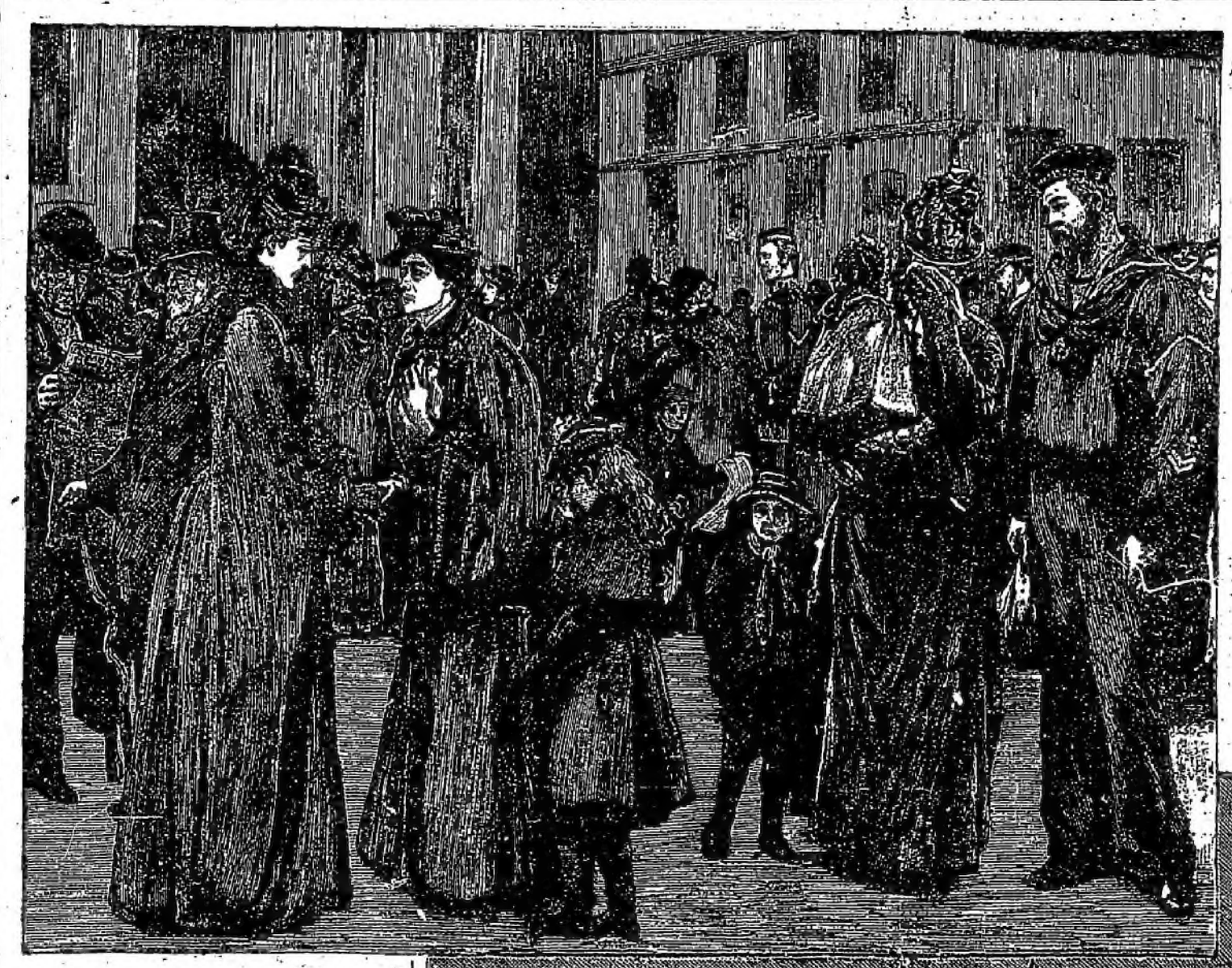

ENQUIRING FOR NEWS OF THE "SERPENT."

LOSS OF THE "SERPENT."

One of the greatest disasters which has ever occurred to the British navy happened on the night of Monday, the 10th of November last, when H.M.S. "Serpent" struck a reef on the north-west coast of Spain and went down with all on board except three men who were washed ashore. One hundred and three gallant lives were lost, including all the officers of the ship. The three men saved were seamen. The "Serpent" was bound for a West African port, and had left Devonport on the Saturday previous to the accident. The "Serpent" was a twin screw cruiser of the third class. She was built at Devonport dockyard, and was completed in 1888. Her complement was 176 officers and men; the displacement, 1,770 tons; and the total indicated horse-power, 4,500; extreme draught, 14 feet 6 in.; length, 225 feet; beam, 36 feet. She was engined by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, at Belfast, and her total cost was £121,000. As to her armor-plate, the official description is an unprotected steel hull, and her armament consisted of six 6-inch 5-ton breech-loading rifled guns, eight 3-pounder quick-firing guns, two machine guns, and one light gun. Her speed was 17 knots. Her coal endurance is given as follows:—475 tons storage. With that quantity she could have steamed 7,000 miles. The "Serpent" took part in the naval manœuvres of 1889 under Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B., and was considered quite seaworthy. She was commanded by Commander Harry L. Ross. The other officers were Lieutenant Guy A. J. Greville, Navigating Lieutenant Peter N. Richards, Lieutenant Torquil Macleod, Staff Surgeon W. M. Rae, Paymaster James W. Dixon, Chief Engineer John J. Robins, Asst.-Engineer William P. Edwards, Assistant Engineer Frederick V. Head, Torpedo Gunner Frank Holsgrove, and Boatswain John Dwyer.

Camarinas, near which little town or village the "Serpent" went on the rocks, is situated at the mouth of the river of the same name, almost within the shadow of Cape Tosto. It is about twenty miles north of Cape Finisterre and between fifty and sixty miles from Corunna, which is the nearest important town on the coast. The gale was still at its height, with rain squalls and thick weather, when the "Serpent" struck. The first shock was not severe, but then she gave some terrific rolls and seemed to slide off the rock, while her stern struck some other point, which went right through her. She then canted on her side, and went down in deep water in about twenty minutes from first striking. The strictest discipline prevailed during this trying time. Commander Ross ordered the boats to be lowered but they were stove in, and it was not until he told every man to do the best for himself that the crew began to jump overboard. The survivors are

THE LOSS OF H. M. S. "SERPENT" OFF CAPE VILLANO—SCENE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE VESSEL STRUCK.

Frederick Goold, leading seaman; Onesiphorus Luxon, able seaman; and Edward Burton, able seamen. They all wore cork life belts, and although the two former were badly cut and bruised they all reached land in safety, and were kindly treated by the Spaniards.

Of Commander Ross, Admiral Sir William Dowell said: "I had known Commander Harry Ross, the captain of the "Serpent," for over twenty years. He was a capital fellow, and well liked in the service. I also knew the first lieutenant, Guy Greville, very well. Both he and Lieutenant Torquil Macleod served with me on board various ships, and they were very good fellows." The inhabitants of Devonport were greatly excited when the news of the wreck of the "Serpent" arrived, as most of the crew hailed from that town. Very distressing scenes were witnessed as the relatives of the officers and men who were on board crowded round the Admiralty House eager to know if any further news had been received. The excitement was only slightly assuaged by the posting of notices both at the Admiralty House and outside the dockyard gates, that no further news had been received, and that all information would be made public as soon as it arrived from the Admiralty.

We give a picture of the wreck and one of the scene at the office of the Port Admiral, Devonport.

The funeral service was performed on Sunday, Nov. 23, in the church of Santa Maria at Jabina, by the rector, the Rev. Father M. Fadregas, who had previously consecrated the burial ground. This ground has been enclosed by a wall; and a cross, made on board H.M.S. "Tyne" at Corunna, by order of Commander Goodridge, R.N., was erected on Nov. 18, when the bodies of Commander H. Ross, Mr. W. Edwards, engineer, and forty-seven men were buried there. A guard of soldiers was posted by the Spanish authorities to protect the remains of the dead and to secure whatever came ashore from the wreck.

"I DON'T BELIEVE THAT."

The well-known Dr. Fletcher, of Stepney, was once requested to visit a man who professed to be a sceptic. Speaking to him of his need of salvation, he pointed kindly and earnestly to Christ as the only and all-sufficient Saviour, who gave himself as a ransom for sinners, that they, through him, might obtain forgiveness and be reconciled to God.

Hearing this, the dying man said:

"Sir, I don't believe that; I wish I could, as my dear wife there does; she believes every word you are saying."

"But," said Dr. Fletcher, "you say you wish you could, and that, if you are sincere, is a great point towards attaining it. Now, what do you believe concerning Jesus Christ?"

"Why," he replied, "I believe that such a man once lived, and that he was a very good and a perfectly sincere man; but that is all."

It was a principle with Dr. Fletcher, when reasoning with unbelievers, if they acknowledged the smallest portion of truth, to make this a position—a starting-point from which to argue with them. So he said:

"You believe, then, that Jesus Christ was a truly good man. Now, do you think a good man would wish to deceive others, or that a sincere man would use language that must mislead, and that in things of the highest importance."

"Certainly not," he replied.

"Then," said Dr. Fletcher, "how do you reconcile your admission that he was a good man with his saying, 'I and my father are one?' And when they took stones up to kill him, he did not undeceive them, but still asserted the fact of his Divinity, adding, 'My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life.' Could any mere man say this, or even an angel, or the highest archangel?"

"Stop," cried the dying man, with an excited voice, "stop, sir, I never saw this before; a new light breaks upon me; stop, sir! let me think."

Holding up his emaciated hand, as if fearing that even a breath might obscure a new light breaking in upon his darkened soul, and with a countenance lighted up with an indescribable expression of mingled wonder and joy, but with eyes intently fixed on Dr. Fletcher, he exclaimed, after a short pause, and while the big tears were rolling down his cheeks:

"Sir, you are a messenger of mercy sent by God himself to save my soul! Yes, Christ is God, and he died to save sinners. Yes, even me!"—*Christian at Work.*

BEGIN WITH YOURSELF.

Let your zeal begin with yourself, then you may with justice extend it to your neighbor.—*Thomas A. Kempis.*

A NEGLECTED DUTY.

Probably the majority of parents interest themselves in making it more or less easy for their children who are attending day school to prepare their lessons for recitation. But how is it with the Sunday-school lesson? Do parents take as much pains as they should to give their children time to prepare this lesson, aid in preparing it, and do they insist that the scholar shall be ready for the recitation in Sunday-school? Let each parent who reads this paragraph answer this to himself or herself.

It is taken for granted somehow that our children will grow up with a knowledge of the Scriptures; they hear the Bible read at family prayers, from the pulpit, and in the Sunday-school; it lies on all our tables, it is in all our libraries, and yet the ignorance of members of the church of the Bible is simply astonishing. If one would become an astronomer, he must do something more than read a page or two every day in a text-book of astronomy. If one would be a chemist, he will not compass that desire by casual and desultory consultation of a book of chemistry. And so of all other sciences, arts, and professions. If our children are to know the Bible they must study the Bible, and their parents must study the Bible and teach it to the children "diligently."

The last Sunday the writer of this conducted a class of young ladies in the Sunday-school, there were eight or nine in the class, and every one was a church member; but not one seemed ever to have heard of the witch of Endor and her connection with Saul; not one could tell how Saul had sinned, and why the kingdom of Israel was taken from him; nor could they give a connected history of David up to the time of his becoming king in Hebron. And yet, ought not they to have known all these things from their youth up? The history of David is the best commentary possible on many of the psalms of David.

Now, dear parent who shall read this, do you not owe it to your child to ground him in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments? Ought you not from Sabbath to Sabbath to see to it that his Sunday-school lesson each Sunday is thoroughly prepared. So shall you reap a double blessing?—*Christian Advocate.*

THE CONSECRATION-MEETING.

BY MRS. ALICE MAY SCUDDER.

Is it necessary and practicable for Junior Endeavors to hold a consecration-meeting? This is a question that puzzles many leaders. They can readily see that young men and women can be brought into the consecration spirit, but with little children will there not be danger that such a meeting may be only a form, rather than a deep emotion of the heart, as it most certainly ought to be? Will God's spirit act on the hearts of the children at the hour and on the day that the leaders shall appoint? Some have felt fearful on this point, and have settled it by saying, "Yes, I have no doubt it can sometimes be done, but I think for the present it will be wiser for my society not to attempt it." This, I think, is not the right conclusion to arrive at, for such logic would put an end to almost every form of church worship, and would weaken and limit God's power to aid us.

No grander thought can be implanted in the heart of a child than the thought of a frequent consecration to God; in fact, it may be the means of saving hundreds of children's souls. I heard a young man once say, that when he was in college and tempted by sin on every side, the thing that saved him more than all else was the recollection of the family prayer circle, in which each member of the family, both old and young, offered a short prayer that the entire family might resist sin and be faithful to their church vows. That family circle was a daily consecration-meeting, none the less powerful because held at a regular time, and for a fixed purpose. The consecration-meeting is one of the foundation stones on which the Christian Endeavor Society rests, and there is great danger in removing foundations which have been so well laid.

TRAINING CHILDREN IN BENEVOLENCE.

The training of children to be good givers is a great work. Parents have a great responsibility in this direction.

The work cannot be done by making a child merely the bearer of a contribution to the Sabbath school treasury; nor yet by teaching the child that if he will do a certain thing or yield a certain privilege, he can give a certain sum to a certain object.

Children should be taught the duty and privilege of giving, and the responsibility should be on them early of denying themselves for the performance of this duty and the attainment of this privilege, that out of their allowance or possessions of gifts or earnings they may give unto the Lord that which they before counted their own, and for the use of which they must finally be answerable.—*S.S. World.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON V.—FEBRUARY 1, 1891.

ELIJAH AT HOREB.—1 Kings 19:1-18.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee."—Gen. 26:24.

HOME READING

M. 1 Kings 19:1-18.—Elijah at Horeb.
T. Ex. 3:1-18.—Moses at Horeb.
W. Luke 4:1-13.—Christ in the Wilderness.
Th. Rom. 11:1-10.—Elijah's Intercession.
F. Ex. 33:11-34:8.—The Lord Revealed.
S. Gen. 26:17-25.—"I am with Thee."
S. Psalm. 37:1-20.—"Rest in the Lord."

LESSON PLAN.

I. Fleeing from the Queen. vs. 1-4.
II. Comforted by the Angel. vs. 5-8.
III. Meeting with God. vs. 9-14.
IV. Sent Back to Duty. vs. 15-18.

TIME.—B.C. 906, directly after the last lesson.

PLACES.—Wilderness of Beersheba, in the south of Judah; and Mount Horeb, in the Sinai Mountains.

OPENING WORDS.

Elijah's victory now seemed complete. The priests of Baal had been slain; the people had declared for the true God; the king had yielded to the power of the miracle and the voice of the people. It looked as though the prophet had accomplished the overthrow of idolatry and the restoration of the true worship in Israel. Our lesson tells us how in this respect Elijah was disappointed.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 1. *Jezebel*—the wife of Ahab, the daughter of Ethbaal, king of the Zidonians (1 Kings 16:31), a woman of the fiercest passions, a gross idolater. 1 Kings 18:19. V. 3 *Went for his life*—with a seeming lack of faith and courage. *Beersheba*—ninety-five miles south-west of Jezreel, in the southern extremity of Judah. V. 4. *A day's journey*—twenty-five or thirty miles. *Juniper tree*—broom tree. *That he might die*—he counted his mission a failure. V. 5. *An angel touched him*—God did not lose sight of his fugitive servant. V. 8. *Forty days*—compare Ex. 24:18; 34:28; Matt. 4:2. *Mount of God*—see Ex. 3:1. From Beersheba to Horeb was about two hundred miles. V. 9. *What doest thou here*—a word of tenderness as well as rebuke. Not God, but his fears, had driven him to Horeb. V. 11. *The Lord passed by*—the wind, the earthquake and the fire were symbols of God's power and majesty. V. 12. *A still small voice*—symbolizing the gentler, silent influences of the Holy Spirit mightier than hurricane, earthquake or fire, producing effects which judgments alone cannot produce. V. 15. *Go, return*—let my Spirit, not thy frail judgment, guide thee. *Anoint Hazael*—a servant of Benhadad, king of Syria. V. 16. *Jehu*—see 2 Kings 9:1-10.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? What test had Elijah prepared? What was the result of his challenge? What further answer to prayer was given? 1 Kings 18:41-46. Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. FLEEING FROM THE QUEEN. vs. 1-4.—What threatening message did Jezebel send to Elijah? What effect had this message on Elijah? Where did he go? Where was Beersheba? Where did he go from Beersheba? What did he request for himself.

II. COMFORTED BY THE ANGEL. vs. 5-8.—As Elijah slept, who bade him rise? What did the angel tell him to do? How often was this repeated? How long did Elijah go in the strength of that food? To what place did he go?

III. MEETING WITH GOD. vs. 9-14.—Where did Elijah lodge? Whose word came to him there? What reproving question was asked him? What did he reply? What did the Lord command him to do? What happened then? What followed the wind? What came after the earthquake? What after the fire? What did Elijah do? What question was repeated? What was Elijah's answer?

IV. SENT BACK TO DUTY. vs. 15-18.—What did the Lord command Elijah to do? Who was to be king of Syria? Of Israel? Who was to succeed Elijah? What punishment were they to bring on Israel? How many Israelites had refused to become idolaters?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That we are not to be weary in well-doing.
2. That we should not run away from duty.
3. That God deals very tenderly with his tried people.
4. That God often works out his plans and purposes by silent, unobserved influences.
5. That we should listen for the still small voice in our own hearts.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What threatening message did Elijah receive? Ans. Jezebel swore by her gods that she would slay him.
2. What did Elijah do? Ans. He fled for his life.
3. Who ministered to him in the wilderness? Ans. The angel of the Lord supplied him with food, *in the strength of which he went forty days* and forty nights to Horeb.
4. What question did the Lord ask him at Horeb? Ans. What doest thou here, Elijah?
5. What did the Lord command him to do? Ans. To go and anoint Hazael king of Syria, and Jehu king of Israel, and Elisha to be prophet in his room.

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 8, 1891.

AHAB'S COVETOUSNESS.—1 Kings 21:1-16.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 15, 16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Take heed and beware of covetousness."—Luke 12:15.

HOME READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 21:1-16.—Ahab's Covetousness.
T. 1 Kings 22:1-28.—Ahab and Jehoshaphat.
W. 1 Kings 22:29-39, 51-53.—Ahab's Death
Th. 2 Kings 1:1-18.—Ahaziah's Death.
F. Luke 12:13-21.—Beware of Covetousness.
S. Mic. 2:1-11.—Woe to the Covetous!
S. Psalm 101:1-8.—The Final Doom of the Wicked.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Coveted Vineyard. vs. 1-4.
II. The Plotting Queen. vs. 5-11.
III. The Blood-stained Possession. vs. 12-16.

TIME.—B.C. 899, Ahab king of Israel; Jehoshaphat king of Judah; Benhadad II. king of Syria.

PLACES.—Jezreel and Samaria, the capitals of Ahab.

OPENING WORDS.

Ahab, king of Israel, formed the plan of enlarging the grounds of his palace at Jezreel by purchasing a vineyard which adjoined them on the east and turning it into a garden. This event as recorded in to-day's lesson, was the immediate cause of the fall of the house of Ahab and the political and religious revolution which followed.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 3. *The Lord forbid*—Naboth's answer showed that he was one of those who recognized Jehovah, and not Baal. He was probably a sincere and faithful worshipper. *The inheritance of my fathers*—the sale of a paternal inheritance was forbidden in the law. Lev. 25:23-28; Num. 36:7. V. 4. *Ahab came into his house*—at Samaria. V. 7. *Dost thou now govern*—an ironical sneer. *I will give thee*—since you have not spirit to act as a king. V. 8. *Sealed them with his seal*—thus giving them his kingly authority. V. 9. *Proclaim a fast*—as if in view of some public calamity. *Set Naboth on high*—bring him before the people for trial. V. 10. *Two men*—the number required to convict of any great crime. Deut. 17:6. *Sons of Belial*—worthless, good-for-nothing fellows. *Blaspheme God and the king*—each offence punishable with death. Lev. 24:16; Num. 15:35. V. 13. *Out of the city*—see Lev. 24:16; Num. 15:35. The sons of Naboth were also slain. (See 2 Kings 9:26.) V. 16. *To go down*—from Samaria to Jezreel. *To take possession of it*—as confiscated property.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Why did Elijah flee to Horeb? Who revealed himself to the prophet there? On what mission did God send Elijah? Title of this lesson? Golden text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE COVETED VINEYARD. vs. 1-4.—What did Ahab ask of Naboth? Why did Naboth refuse to sell it? How did the king show his vexation? Which is the tenth commandment? What does it forbid?

II. THE PLOTTING QUEEN. vs. 5-11.—Who was Ahab's wife? What did Jezebel say to Ahab? What was Ahab's answer? What did Jezebel promise to do? What wicked plot did she form? What did she do to carry out her plan? Why did they proclaim a fast?

III. THE BLOOD-STAINED POSSESSION. vs. 12-16.—Who were brought as witnesses against Naboth? What did they testify? Who were slain with Naboth? What word did Jezebel send to Ahab? What did Ahab then do?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That covetousness is miserable folly as well as great sin.
2. That it is the source of many evils and crimes.
3. That we should never listen to evil counsels.
4. That we should never allow others to use us for bad purposes.
5. That even a woman may so give herself to evil as to become a fiend.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What did Ahab wish to purchase from Naboth? Ans. A vineyard in Jezreel hard by his palace.
2. What was Naboth's answer? Ans. The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee.
3. How did Naboth's answer affect the king? Ans. It greatly vexed him.
4. How did Ahab get the vineyard? Ans. Jezebel caused Naboth to be slain, and then Ahab took possession of it.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

KITCHEN MARTYRS.

BY HATTIE F. BELL.

Some one once asked a little girl whether her mother's hair was gray. "I don't know was the innocent reply; "I can't see to the top of her head, and she don't ever sit down."

Solomon says of the good housekeeper, "She looketh well to the ways of her household." The woman who is always overrun with work, never seeing a chance to rest for a single minute, who is always bustling about, anxious, burdened, her whole aim being, to all outward appearance, to "get her work done," busy, busy, busy, catching the broom to whisk away an infinitesimal spot of dirt here, flourishing the dustbrush to tear down an imaginary cobweb over yonder, ripping open all the feather-beds in the house to see whether some stray moth has not stolen a march on her and sought rest within the downy contents, scalding up all the preserves in the cellar once a week for fear they might begin to work when she didn't know it, running upstairs and down, out to the barn and into the attic, tiring herself and every one else in the house,—we have all seen just such women, and probably not one of us believes such a one to be the woman to whom Solomon in his wisdom referred as looking "well to the ways of her household." There are better and nobler methods of doing this than cooking, washing, cleaning and scrubbing. A woman's work is not finished, her duty not entirely performed for her family, when she has made and mended their clothes, cooked their food and mopped the kitchen floor. If she looks well to the ways of her household, she will see to it that her husband has her companionship, as well as a starched shirt-front; that her children have food for their minds, as well as good dinners; that her own face wears the smile of love and contentment instead of the vexed frown and wrinkles of daily worry over the absorbing questions, What shall we eat, drink and wear?

No woman who is a drudge in her kitchen can do justice to her family. The husband of such a wife eats his meals as quickly as possible, and goes where he can find somebody to talk to him and with whom he can talk upon something besides bread and potatoes and wood and water.

The children of such a mother have learned not to trouble her with their little trials and perplexities, when all they got for answer is, "Oh, go along! don't bother me; I'm too busy to think anything about it." And so they take judgment into their own hands and do as they like, undisturbed, unless by some unlucky misdemeanor they transgress the rigid rules of order, or do something to irritate the mother's high-strung nerves. With her, out of sight is out of mind. So, if Johnnie wants to run down to the corner grocery and sit and hear the men talk and swear, and inhale their vile tobacco smoke, and learn to puff cigarettes, and perhaps be taken into the saloon next door and "treated" for doing an errand for the grocer, his mother is none the wiser. She only knows that he comes home cross, and she sends him to bed with harsh words; and if she sniffs the smell of cigar smoke or his tainted breath, she never imagines that her boy would drink or hold a cigarette between his lips, and she hurries him off, while she goes out to set her bread or attend to the coffee for breakfast.

And Annie,—she would like to ask her mother whether she might go to the play just once; the other girls go, and like it. But in a fifteen years' acquaintance with her mother she has learned that a request to indulge in any recreation generally meets with sharp words and a final refusal. So on Saturday afternoon she steals away with some of her questionable associates, and goes to the matinee, and sees things that she should not see, and hears things that she should not hear, and that would startle her mother if she knew. But the mother does not know, and busy, heart and hands and brain, with her never-ceasing work, work, work, she only wonders why that lazy girl stays so long when she sent her on an errand to the store. Then she loses all thought of her in finishing up the week's ironing for Sunday. Does she look "well to the ways of her household?"

On through life she goes, her daily routine—work, fret, worry—making unlovely her own life and the lives of those for whose souls she will be held accountable, as well as for their bodies. Is it any wonder that in a few years John leaves forever behind him the house where he has taken his daily meals and daily scoldings, and leaves the fretful, over-busy mother, who never had time to give her boy the earnest caution, the wise counsel that might have built up his character into uprightness,—leaves them behind, and steps out, feeling free! If his after years should bring him dishonor and shame, whose, think you, will be the blame?" Is it any wonder that Annie weds the first shallow-brained fop who praises her bright eyes and pretty face? She, who has never known real appreciation in her home, accepts this as genuine, poor child! and, without the sanction or knowledge of those who should have been her dearest friends, she goes forth into new and untried scenes, with no loving counsel from mother, no benedictions from father. The father upbraids the mother for driving the children from home, and the poor, deluded mother, worn out now in body and mind, mourns over her cruel fate and the hard-heartedness of her family, for whom she had always slaved and toiled night and day, and this is all the thanks she gets for it. Poor mother! poor children! poor father and husband! All to be pitied.

But the work has to be done, you say. Very true; and if it falls to the lot of the wife and mother to do it, she of course, cannot sit down and fold her hands. But there is reason in all things,—unless it be in just such women as I have been picturing,—and I am speaking of those who allow work in the kitchen and for the temporal wants of the family to absorb all their life and thoughts and being, who could not rest nights if the chairs were not set back on just such a stripe in the carpet, or if one drop of water had been spilled on the kitchen floor and had not been wiped up, or if there was a fly in the pantry, or if anybody had hung the dustpan on the right-hand nail instead of the left-hand one, the two being about three inches apart.

"Ma is so painfully particular," said a young girl to me one day. "Why, you'll laugh, I know, but I've known her to get up out of bed at night, after pa had put out the light, just to fold a newspaper he had left on the table and place it in the paper-holder just over the table."

Let us, then, while we strive to have orderly homes, well-cooked food and neatly served repasts, not neglect the higher good of those in our household, knowing that if we do our best in all directions, we shall have earned an approving conscience and the Master's divine benediction, "She hath done what she could."

WHAT THEY EARN.

The *Farm and Fireside* urges the importance of daughters at home receiving a regular money allowance in consideration of the work they do. The writer says:

I know scores of girls who say that really they like housework better than any other kind, "but there is no money in it," so they grow uneasy, they want the money (not money, of course, but the freedom it gives). They go from home to be teachers or clerks, and there is waste of precious material on all sides. The solution of this trouble is proper appreciation of the daughter at home. According to our ideas, that home is the happiest which can do without the "hired girl," but daughters who fill this place, and more than fill it, complain that they do so without the wages. Just here is the trouble. If a daughter gets two dollars a week (a moderate estimate of what would have to be paid to a servant), that is $104 per year. Her board, at $5 a week, is $260 per year. Her leisure, when she can do much of her own sewing, is worth enough to raise her earnings to $400. The home happiness, the calm rest-feeling, the healthful habits of such a life are worth what cannot be counted in dollars, and we believe such a just financial arrangement would be appreciated by any sensible girl and give contentment to many of even superior ability. It is, after all, that small sum, $104 in cash, which makes the plan satisfactory. A girl can do a great deal with that, and most of them prefer to do their own spending or saving. To have one's personal expenses to manage gives amusement and experience. The father should not think his daughter well treated because he boards her and gives her occasionally a new dress, but, on the other hand, a girl should not lose sight of the value of her home privileges.

THE MENDING BASKET.

Yes, I like a basket the best; and baskets are wonderfully cheap, too. For ten cents I found a real beauty at one of the prominent Japanese stores, and it was large enough to hold every article likely to need mending from my weekly wash. My family is small, though. Two or three such baskets would do for all sorts and sizes—a big family mending. A large basket for holding the garments to be mended, a small one for pieces and patches, and one or two quite small ones for holding needles, scissors, threads and all the etcetera; these seem essentials for a mending outfit, and they can easily be gathered together on the morning they are needed.

For darning, I have found that for all the finer grades of hosiery there come cottons, silks and wools in every conceivable shade of color and of good quality, while needles, from course to fine, are of good quality and cheap in price. A small orange gourd makes a good darning egg.

For mending table linen, a few threads of the linen ravellings are really the best thing. If the mesh is closely woven, no patch is required. If the linen is very thin, a strip of thin muslin can be sewn on the under side with very fine cotton, and then the darn neatly sewn through to this.

Very fine short needles come for mending gloves especially. A stitch which has run down on a silk glove can be caught up with a very fine steel crochet-needle, so also can let-down stitches in silk stockings.

By noticing small rips and holes and mending them, considerable work is saved; for it takes time to mend a large rent.

Buttons are apt to pull out, leaving a hole. By putting a bit of tape, or material like the garment, under and another over the hole and securely sewing them on, the button can be put on in its original place and be quite as firm, if not a little stronger, than before. In sewing on a button the twist can be passed around the shank or below the eyes three or four times, thus giving a kind of purchase by which the button-hole is held in place. If extra buttons are either strung on a string or kept in small boxes by themselves, they are found more easily than if left loose in a bag or box with many kinds.

Strings are apt to wear off near where they are sewed on. The bit left should be carefully ripped off and a new sewing taken up, or else the new strings put on.

One is often tempted to just run up a slit, but it is usually better to put a bit of cloth under the hole and neatly darn down upon it. It will not pull out in that place again at any rate.

Stockings can be cut down for children. A pattern of the right size for the child's foot should be selected and the sole of old stockinet or flannel cut on the bias, neatly fitted in, and sewn with ball-stitch.

Patches should be cut and fitted to match the hole in the garment, both in figure and in the way in which the thread of the cloth lies; for patches, if neatly put in, if not exactly ornamental, have the effect of giving a serviceable, comfortable air to an old garment, which is highly satisfactory. The whole difference between thrift and unthrift can be shown by the opposite ways of patching adopted by different housekeepers. The mending basket ought not to be the badge of poverty, but rather one of the signs of thrifty economy. It cannot be banished from our home. Let us pay heed to it, then, that it is an orderly affair, and not a mass of tangled patch, piece, thread, cotton, silk and needles, with half the needful implements missing on the occasions when they are most needed. Let the scissors be very sharp and kept in a neat case of chamois skin. Have a good thimble and an ample supply of needles, pins and of the various little contrivances, which are so small in themselves, and yet so nice to work with when old garments are to be renovated, so as to look "amaist as weel's the new."—*Christian at Work.*

RICE MUFFINS.—Boil soft and dry half a cup of rice, and stir into it three teaspoonfuls of sugar, butter size of an egg, a little salt, one pint of milk, one cup of yeast, two quarts of flour. Let the mixture rise all night, and bake in muffin rings.

SELECTED RECIPES.

PANNED OYSTERS.—Strain the oysters; then wet and wring out a bit of cheese cloth, and through this strain the liquor into the pan. Scald the liquor, skimming as any scum rises. Add pepper, butter and salt if needed. Then put the oysters in and cook till the edges curl. Serve in a hot, covered dish.

CURRIED.—Blanch two dozen oysters of a good size; fry a small minced onion in a teaspoonful of butter: stir in one teaspoonful of curry powder, add the oyster liquor and oysters, and as soon as all come to a boil thicken with a teaspoonful of flour wet with cream. Serve with rice in a separate dish.

CASSEROLE OF FISH.—Pick a cold boiled fish into bits, and then work it up fine with the yolks of five hard boiled eggs and six mashed potatoes, a large lump of butter, pepper, salt, and a little finely chopped parsley. Butter a mould, fill with the mixture, and bake till brown. Serve with butter.

EGGS AU FOUR.—Boil one dozen eggs hard. Cut each in half lengthwise, and remove the yolks. Crumb the yolks into a smooth paste with a bit of butter, pepper, salt, and chopped parsley. Replace the prepared yolks in the whites, pour over them a good drawn butter, and set them in the oven just to brown on the top.

FRIZZLED BEEF.—To make this a nice dish get fine-flavored beef, and have it cut very thin. Then with the fingers pull every slice into bits of an inch or less. Put the beef into a frying pan, cover it with cold water, and place on the fire just long enough to heat the water. Pour the water off and replace it with as much sweet milk, a bit of butter as large as a small egg, and sufficient sifted flour to make a cream dressing.

HAM AND EGGS.—The nicest way to cook ham for breakfast is to cut off very thin bits about a finger long, always with an edge of fat. Lay these pieces in a frying pan, and cover them with cold water. Set the pan on the stove till the water heats; then pour the water off and dry the pan, and putting the ham back, frizzle it briskly till a delicate brown. Lay a poached egg and a slice of ham side by side on a plate. Ham should be eaten as soon as served, as it toughens when cool.

RICE WAFFLES—To a pint of soft boiled rice add a teaspoonful of salt and a pint of flour, in which sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the yolks and whites of three eggs separately. Add to the yolks a cup of sweet milk. Pour into the rice and flour with a tablespoonful of melted butter, or rather a tablespoonful before it is melted. Lastly, add the stiffly beaten whites. Mix thoroughly and bake as you do the plain waffles. Very nice and delicate.

PUZZLES—No. 1.

CROSSWORD.

My first is in nap, but not in wake,
My second is in fear, and also in quake,
My third is in pudding, but not in cake,
My fourth is in hoe, but not in rake,
My fifth is in light, but not in dark,
My sixth is in grove, but not in park,
My seventh is in John, but not in Mark,
My eighth is in Jane, but not in Paul,
My whole is a General known to all.

METAGRAM.

I am brave; change my head, and I denote low temperature; again, and I am an enclosure; again, and I am what all men want; again, and I am to keep; again, and I am a kind of earth; again, and I am disposed of; again, and I am narrated; again, and I am a poetic name for a field; behead me, and I am no longer young.

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.

A famous battle of the eleventh century,
A Mohammedan dynasty,
A former kingdom in Italy,
A battle of the Hundred Years' War,
A Spanish Queen,
An order of knights,
An inhabitant of a country discovered in the fifteenth century,
A religious sect of the fifteenth century,
A building erected to commemorate the battle of St. Quentin,
A small kingdom in southeastern Europe,
The "land o' cakes,"
The primals spell the name of a famous order of knights.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A destructive bird. 2. Matured fruit. 3. Not shut. 4. Part of the verb to go.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 26.

ANAGRAM.—Peter Piper.

OCTAGON PUZZLE.

Across.

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      T A N
    A M P L E
  P A R A P E T
O X Y T O N E
T A P I O C A
  R S T O P
    N E T
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Downward—Apatite.

DIAMOND.—1. P. 2. For. 3. Coren. 4. Forceps. 5. Porcelain. 6. Re-elect. 7. Apace. 8. Sit. 9. N.

HIDDEN MAMMALS.—1. Ape. 2. Hog. 3. Rat. 4. Yak. 5. Eland. 6. Doe. 7. Seal. 8. Shrew. 9. Hare. 10. Dog. 11. Zebu. 12. Bear. 13. Cow. 14. Elk. 15. Walrus. 16. Beaver. 17. Ewe. 18. Goat. 19. Mandril. 20. Coon. 21. Gnu. 22. Mink. 23. Buffalo. 24. Lion. 25. Ram. 26. Cat. 27. Mouse. 28. Moose. 29. Deer. 30. Leopard. 31. Horse. 32. Whale. 33. Ox. 34. Bat. 35. Zebra. 36. Camel. 37. Daman. 38. Sloth. 39. Weasel. 40. Sable. 41. Saki. 42. Civet. 43. Lemur. 44. Otter. 45. Bison. 46. Badger.

TWINS.—Tar-Tar. Tartar.

SQUARE WORD.—

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P A T H
A G U E
T U B E
H E E L
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PUZZLERS CHAT.

Why do we not hear from the *Messenger* Puzzlers? We like to hear from them by getting original puzzles, especially Bible puzzles. Do not forget to send your full name, and post-office address.

EDITOR PUZZLES.

The Family Circle.

CHINA'S GREATEST CURSE.

Jealous of the bordering stranger
China built her guardian wall;
Fearful, too, of distant danger
Closed her gates to one and all;
But at length the sly invader,
Knocking with an ominous din,
In the guise of honest trader
Claimed the right to enter in.

China answered "No admission!"
Britain spoke with cannon roar;
Scorned to stand upon condition,
Hurled her bolts and forced the door.
Entered with the drug Satanic
Charged with foul and deadly fumes!
Tarnished lies the shield Britannic
Stonelike now on countless tombs.

Manhood's prime falls opium-smitten,
Dried and shrivelled in the smoke;
Souls are snared and serpent-bitten,
Blighted as by lightning stroke.
Widowed hearts by torture broken,
Robbed and desolate and lone,
Charge us with their woes unspoken
Chide us in their stifled groan.

While no hope of heaven's bright morrow
Hallows yonder tear-drenched sod;
While yon wail of helpless sorrow
Struggles to the ear of God;
While an unoffending nation
By our own is "drawn to death,"
Shall we quench our indignation?
Must we meekly hold our breath?

What though wrong should fill our coffers
While it fills our cup of sin?
Where the cause of justice suffers
Boots it that the strong should win?
When the judge of all creation,
Rising, shall avenge the right,
Who shall proffer vindication
For abuse of England's might?

By a Briton's love of freedom,
By his scorn of alien thrall;
By the impulses which lead him
To the help of those who fall:
By our Christian name and prestige,
By the love of God, we say
Let the death-drug's every vestige
From our realms be swept away.

—*W. Maxwell, in the Christian.*

TIMELY WORDS.

Mr. Walker Bailey, the most prominent banker in one of the smaller cities of the Empire state, was noted not only for integrity and careful business management, for his genial company and his good and kindly influence in his church, and in the city, but also for his extremely neat personal appearance. His clothes were of excellent material; they fitted him well; they never discovered shabby looking buttons nor worn bindings, nor were his coats pulled out of shape, nor did they ever show a need of brushing. Many a mother in that city had held up Mr. Bailey to her sons as a model of neatness and agreeable personal appearance, and "Did you ever see Mr. Bailey with unpolished boots, or with such dusty clothes or crumpled linen?" was a question often put to boys who were inclined to be careless.

One winter a course of lectures and concerts was given in the pleasantest and largest hall of that city for the purpose of raising a sum of money to be used to increase the library of the town. One of the wealthiest of the citizens, who, when a young man in a small New England village had felt keenly a personal loss in being deprived of good books, had given to this town a beautiful stone building for a library, and many thousand dollars towards the first purchase of books. He said in his speech at the opening of the building that he had determined when a young man that if he was ever able to do so he would establish a library, and do for the young people, and the old likewise, in his town, what he wished some one had done for him.

His gift was received with great enthusiasm, and steps were at once taken by the lecture course to raise quite a sum of money to increase the number of books and magazines, as well as to add encyclopedias and books of reference to the library. These lectures were popular and well attended.

Mr. Bailey was the third lecturer in the course, and his subject was announced, "The Formation of Good Habits," and to the young people. The older people were, however, so interested to know if Mr. Bailey's advice would correspond with their own that they came out in as full force as to the other lectures.

Habits of truthfulness, of perfect honesty, of kindliness, and benevolence and all manly and womanly traits were touched upon by the lecturer, with many appropriate and telling illustrations, and the necessity urged of forming all such habits when young. A lack of these early good habits made a disastrous life for many, for untruthful, dishonest, unkindly, uncharitable people are never happy, never truly successful in what constitutes the highest success, he said. He dwelt upon the habit of courtesy, of treating everyone with politeness, and taking the time to do so, even in this driving, rushing, nineteenth century.

Then he talked very earnestly on forming the habit of good reading, and improving one's odd moments and half hours with a good book in hand, and estimated how much that was valuable could be read in one year if only one hour a day was devoted to it, which, possibly, was all the time that many could give to it. He referred to quite a number of authors whose books had recently been added to the library, whose acquaintance he hoped they would soon make, and he told them how pleased he had been of late to see a number of boys who had been in the habit of hanging about the corners of the streets, or in the post-office, sitting at the tables in the library building looking over illustrated books and reading the magazines.

"And now a few special words to you boys," he said, "on a very practical matter, your personal appearance. I presume many of you think your friends regard you of so little consequence that your personal appearance is not noticed. Boys, I know, are not always treated with the consideration they deserve. But you and your demeanor and appearance are more important than you imagine.

"I will venture to assert that there are ladies in this audience, not a few, and some gentlemen, who know well which boys in this town are the neatest in their dress, appearing with shoes well-polished, and clean linen and neat clothing, and which ones, bright and interesting though they may be, are usually somewhat slovenly in their personal appearance.

"Let me relate to you an incident about a prominent New York judge, when he was in college. His father was a lawyer in a town in this state, and when George Andrews, as we will call him, came to college, the city boys looked at him askance as he walked into the recitation room with muddy boots and unbrushed clothes and unkempt hair. Yet after a few days, as they heard his excellent recitations they began to respect him in spite of his unprepossessing looks, but they made no advances toward him in a social way.

The president of the college, who had a fatherly care over the students and who was a very observing man, noticed that George was not cordially received, and instantly divined the cause; for, although he believed him a gentleman at heart, and knew that he was courteous in a rough sort of a way, he had not the appearance of a gentleman.

"One morning at the close of a recitation, the president, who had been listening for fifteen or twenty minutes, said, "Mr. Andrews, I would like to see you a few minutes after twelve o'clock at my office." Mr. Andrews wondered why the president wished to see him, and as some of his classmates looked at him peculiarly, the invitation, or rather the command he had received troubled him somewhat. Yet he was not conscious that he had done anything which warranted a reproof.

"Shortly after noon, however, George presented himself at the president's office, and timidly walking in, was surprised to be so cordially welcomed and in such pleasant tones, as the president said, 'Walk in, Mr. Andrews, sit down, I will speak with you soon.'

"George sat down near several other students who were evidently awaiting their turns for conversations, while one of the professors engaged the attention of the president. Just then a telegram was handed in, and after reading it the president rose quickly, saying, 'I shall be obliged to go home at once, and must therefore postpone seeing you to-day. Mr. Andrews, will you please call at my house to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock, and Mr. Garland, I would like to see you there at four o'clock; the others I will meet here to-morrow at this hour.'

"The next afternoon George pulled the bell at the president's mansion, and was ushered through the wide and handsome hall into a beautiful reception room, and seated there. After a few moments the president appeared and invited George into his library. He talked with him a while about his studies and expressed his gratification that he seemed in earnest and had started out to make the most of his opportunities. He spoke of his church and urged regular attendance there, and then inquired about his boarding-place, and hoped he had found a comfortable home. He said he often took the liberty of giving personal suggestions and advice to the boys as they came to college, which he thought would be helpful to them, and for which many students had expressed their thanks.

"As George said he would be grateful for any suggestion, the president, in a kindly way, told him he had noticed he did not spend as much time as he should upon his personal appearance, and added: 'I almost despise young men who think more of dress than anything else and use what few brains they have in adorning their bodies, but, on the other hand, I always like to see young men neatly dressed, with their coats well-brushed and buttoned, their boots polished, and their linen and persons giving evidence of cleanliness. Many boys reared in country towns, who would take the first rank in scholarship, have never had their attention directed to some of these matters, and yet have learned in later years their value. A good whisk-boom, and a box of blacking and brushes do not cost much,' he added, 'but they pay big dividends, and I have preached many a short, practical sermon on the gospel of soap.

"You have seen photographs of old Kaiser William, I presume, as he stood in military dress at a window of the palace with his little grandson. It is said that he never appeared except in his uniform, and with every button fastened. He would often be sitting at his desk in a loose garment, and at the sound of martial music, which was heard frequently—since there is far more parading of soldiers in Berlin than in any other city in the world—the old emperor would immediately divest himself of his loose robe and don his military coat, which he adjusted with the utmost care before presenting himself at the window to receive and return the salute of the soldiers. On one such occasion a friend who was present, asked 'Why are you always so particular to button every button of your uniform?' 'Because,' replied the old Kaiser, with great promptness, 'I wish to set a good example. I tell you it is the one button left unfastened which begins the ruin of the army.'

"There is a lesson for us all to avoid carelessness even in what some would think small matters."

"George thanked him, and they talked further on other subjects, the president showing a sincere interest in his plans and purposes. He gave him an invitation, from his wife, to dine with them the following day in company with three of his classmates, stating that in this way his wife gradually became acquainted with the students of all classes.

"I need hardly tell you," said Mr. Bailey, after this rather long story, "that George immediately acted upon the suggestion of the president, and felt drawn more closely to him for his kind personal interest in him; nor need I say that he appeared in college the next morning, and at the president's house the next afternoon, much improved in many ways. The attitude of the students was soon changed toward him, and he was ere long introduced into pleasant social circles, and became easy and more polished in his manners.

"Some years after his graduation he married one of the most refined young ladies of that city, whose father was one of its prominent citizens. He told me not long ago that he had mentally thanked the president of that college a thousand times for his timely hint, for he had since then appreciated more thoroughly the value of it, and was not certain that he yet knew how much these timely words had helped him.

"He might by his talents have risen to as high a position, and have made his mark in the world, but he might also have lost entirely the many refining influences which have added so much pleasure to his life, and the association with those who were dearest to him,

"So, boys," said Mr. Bailey, in closing, "while you strive to form good habits and to be truthful, honest, upright, and enterprising, courteous, kindly and studious, remember the timely words of the president and the remark of the old Kaiser, and do not neglect your personal appearance."—*Standard.*

THE MAN HE WANTED.

Dr. Leonard Bacon, who was a very busy man, would not refuse himself to callers who expressed a desire to see him. On one occasion his family, knowing him to be closely occupied, took especial pains that he should not be disturbed, and when a stranger came to the door and inquired for him, they told him he was engaged. It happened that Doctor Bacon overheard the conversation. He immediately stepped into the hall and requested his daughter to bring the caller into the study.

"The man who wants to see me is the man I want to see," he said.

The doctor may have learned that way of putting the case by some earlier experience in his life, like that of another good minister of whom Rev. George S. Butters speaks, who once was very near losing a sacred opportunity.

It was at the close of the evening service, after a Sunday of hard work. His congregation had been small, and he felt that he had acquitted himself poorly. In fact, as he came out of church he overheard remarks about the sermon that mortified and even embittered his spirit. The people who spoke to him happened somehow to say just the wrong things. He passed out, gloomy and discouraged. If man ever hungered for a token that he was doing some good in the world, he was that man.

At the door stood a young man, as if waiting. The pastor felt in no mood to talk more, and turned aside to avoid him, but the stranger spoke his name.

"May I have a moment with you, sir?"

There was no welcome in the pastor's response. He begged the man to be short, for he was very tired.

"Perhaps I had better not trouble you, then," said the young man. And he went away without another word.

By the time the pastor had crossed the street, and stood at his own door, he was sorry for what he had said. He turned immediately and followed the stranger, found him, and took him home with him.

He proved to be the man the minister wanted. He had been in the city three months, and had gone wrong. To-night he had attended religious services for the first time; and what he heard made him homesick and conscience-sick. He wished the pastor to set him right.

"Your remark when I spoke to you at the church chilled me," he said, "and I turned away with a hopeless feeling that almost drove me to a wicked resolve. The temptation was growing strong in me as I walked the street."

"How glad I am that I went after you!" said the pastor.

Kindly and carefully he conversed with the inquirer, giving him the counsel he needed. It was a delightful ending to what had seemed a useless day. A sin-captive seeking his Redeemer had come to him.

That interview saved the young man. He became one of the minister's best helpers; an active worker in his church, and a successful winner of other young men from temptation.

The opportunity that waits for us is the one we need, and cannot afford to lose. Our great work in this world is to do good; and whether it is to help body or mind or soul, it must not be put off on account of any weary or unwilling mood. Such opportunities come one at a time, and the same one never comes but once.—*Youth's Companion.*

SIR FRANCIS CROSSLEY, M.P.

THE CROSSLEYS OF HALIFAX.

John Crossley, founder of the afterwards extensive business of Crossley Brothers, Halifax, says the *British Workman*, learned the business of carpet-weaving with an uncle, but was greatly indebted for his success in life to the faithful counsel and willing assistance of his wife, Martha Turner, daughter of a neighboring farmer. He began weaving in a small way, along with his brother Thomas, and James Travers. In addition to carpet-weaving, they manufactured plain-backs and shalloons, the whole of which was managed by Mrs. Crossley, as far as putting out the warps and wefts was concerned, and taking them from the weavers. They employed at one time 150 hand-weavers on these goods. As Mrs. Crossley went to Dean Clough Mill, with her usual energy, one morning at four o'clock, she made a vow, "If the Lord does bless us at this place, the poor shall taste of it." We shall see how this noble vow was kept by her son, afterwards Sir Francis Crossley, M.P., who attributed his father's prosperity to the making of the vow.

But the story of the father and mother of the Crossleys deserves to be more fully set down. Although Martha Turner was the daughter of a farmer who lived upon his own estate, owing to some foolish partiality of her parents, she was slighted at home, and, as a consequence, went to ordinary domestic service. She did the work of kitchen-maid, house-maid, and in addition, regularly milked six cows night and morning, besides which she kept the house as clean as a little palace. As if this were not enough, she earned many a guinea a year to her mistress by spinning. Her wages were at first fifteen-pence a week; after two years they were increased to eighteen-pence; after nine years service they were increased to six guineas a year. During that time she saved thirty pounds.

John Crossley, as we have said, was a carpet-weaver. One night as he was taking his "drinking" at the loom, he laid down his black bottle at his side, but it fell and broke in pieces. In attempting to catch the bottle, he cut his arm, and it was with great difficulty the bleeding was stopped. This disabled him for a time, but he recovered sufficiently to be able to "tie up a loom" instead of weaving, for which he was now unfit. About this time he began to court Martha Turner, but the proud farmer told his daughter that if she had ought to do with the carpet-weaver, she would never see his face again.

Their method of introduction was after this fashion. When Martha Turner went to the gate one evening, there was a young man standing there, who asked her if she wanted a sweetheart. She relates: "I answered, not I, marry! I want no sweetheart. I then went into the house and left him." She did not see him for some years, and her sisters did their utmost against this strange suitor. "One day," she says, "I received a love letter from him, which I could now repeat word for word. I had several other suitors, but none of them were so persevering as John Crossley. He pressed me very much to have him. At last he sent me a letter to say that a house was vacant in Tower George Yard, close to the works he was managing." Martha Turner looked at the house, but the opposition at home was very strong. She retired in a distressed state to her bedroom, and opened the book that was a preparation for the sacrament, and the first place at which she opened she read these words, "When thy father and mother forsake thee then the Lord will take thee up." This comforted her very much, she accepted John Crossley, and she was married to him in January, 1800.

When times were not so good, Mrs. Crossley would say to her sons, "Do not sell your goods for less than they cost, for it would ruin you without permanently benefiting anyone; but if you can go on giving employment to some during the winter, do so, for it is a bad thing for a working man to go home and hear his children cry for bread and not be able to give them any."

Mrs. Crossley was in her eightieth year when she died. A mirror was fixed in her room, when she could not go abroad, so that while lying in bed she could see the happy countenances of those who were going to work or coming back.

Sir Francis Crossley was the bold projector in the firm, founded by his father, in which he was associated with his brothers, John (1812-1879), and Joseph (died 1868). He was possessed of a far-seeing eye and a determined will. For many years he would be at business at six o'clock in the morning, and knew what was going on in every department. When the concern became a limited liability company, in 1864, a certain number of shares were allotted amongst the work-people. A baronetcy was conferred upon him in 1863. From 1852 till the date of his death, in 1872, he was member of Parliament for Halifax.

When the old hand-loom weaving was abolished and steam was introduced, the Crossleys were equal to the occasion. Francis Crossley invited George Collier, a clever inventor, to Halifax, who introduced what was known as a "wire motion" for weaving carpets by steam power. After much anxious labor, he was able to make the carpet power-loom a success, and hand-looms became a thing of the past, for the new machine could weave twelve or fourteen times as much. A large sum was realized from royalties for its use by other manufacturers, while the Crossleys had almost a monopoly of the carpet trade. Up till a recent date, it appears that 90 percent of the carpet power-looms now working in this country, as well as those in France, Germany, and America, were constructed on the same principle as George Collier's for the Crossleys. In their business "every carpet became its own traveller," and the price of carpets was immensely reduced.

"In testimony of his gratitude to Almighty God," and with the view of assisting those who needed assistance, Sir Francis Crossley established twenty-two almshouses in 1855 in Halifax, and along with his brothers the Crossley Orphanage on Skircoat Moor, begun in 1857, and completed in 1864, at a cost of about £56,000. Mr. John Crossley afterwards contributed another £10,000 towards its endowment, which now amounts to £3,000 a year. It has accommodation for 450 children of both sexes. An offer of £10,000 towards the erection of an infirmary was not accepted; he contributed £10,000 to the London Missionary Society, and another £10,000 to a fund for Congregationalist ministers and their widows.

But his most interesting benefaction was the gift of a people's park to Halifax, which contains his white marble statue, erected by his grateful townsmen in 1860. At the opening of the public park in 1857, the generous donor related how the idea had occurred to him. In September, 1855, he had left Quebec early in the morning for the White Mountains, United States. He travelled through the most glorious scenery on that day that he had ever seen in his life. Arrived at the hotel at White Mountains, the ladies sat down to a cup of tea, but Crossley preferred to take a walk. "It was a beautiful spot," he says. "The sun was just then reclining his head behind Mount Washington, with all that glorious drapery of an American sunset; which we know nothing of in this country. I felt that I should like to be walking with my God on the earth. I said, 'What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits to me?' I was led further to repeat that question which Paul asked under other circumstances, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' The answer came immediately; it was this: It is true that thou canst not bring the many thousands thou hast left in thy native country to see this beautiful scenery; but thou canst take this to them. It is possible so to arrange art and nature that they shall be within the walk of every working man in Halifax, who shall go to take his stroll there after he has done his hard day's toil, and be able to get back again without being tired." Crossley prayed that night that if this was only a mere vision of the brain it might be gone in the morning, but that if there was reality about it he might carry it into execution. He slept soundly, the impression was confirmed next day, and so Halifax had its people's park.

JOHN CROSSLEY.

A CRICKETER'S CHANGE OF HEART.

Twenty years ago, a young lad, returning from a cricket match, called at a clergyman's house, and on leaving was presented with a little leaflet by the minister's daughter. On arriving at his home, some dozen miles distant, he retired to his room, and read over the lines:

"After the joys of earth,—After its songs of mirth
After its hours of light,—After its dreams so bright,—
What then?
Only an empty name,—Only a weary frame,
Only a conscious smart,—Only an aching heart."

He could not get the words out of his mind. Then he closed his eyes and tried to sleep; the words, "what then" seemed printed in letters of fire on his eyelids. He knelt down by his bedside, and for the first time cried to God for mercy; and soon afterwards was able to tell the young lady who had sought to influence him for Christ, that he had given himself to God. He bought some thousands of the same little leaflet which, under God, had been the means of salvation, and began in faith to sow beside all waters, and had the joy of seeing his mother, who was struck with the change in her boy's life, led to the Saviour's feet.

"After the Christian's tears,—After his hopes and fears,
After his weary cross,—All things below but loss,
What then?
Oh, then a holy calm,—Resting on Jesus' arm,
Then Jesu's love and power—To cheer the dying hour!

The writer of the above was that young lad, converted to God by means of a simple leaflet, given in faith by a dear servant of Christ. "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters."—*Christian Herald.*

WAITING.

I cannot think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know he is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but he will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

I'll go and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word
Thou callest me to thy loved feet,
To take this thing, so dear, so sweet.

—*"Saxe Holm."*

THE EMPEROR'S BREAKFAST.

Fifteen centuries ago
Emperor Nintok of Japan
Walked upon his roof at daybreak,
Watching if the tolls began
Well to gild the cedar frieze
Of his palace galleries;
Well to nail the silver plates
Of his inner palace gates;
For the Queen would have it so
Fifteen hundred years ago!

Walking on his roof, he spied
Streets and lanes and quarters teeming;
Saw his city spreading wide.
Ah! but mean and sad of seeming
Show those lowly wooden huts
Underneath the King's house gleaming
Though each humble wicket shuts
One world out and one world in,
That so great and this so small,
Yet, to the poor hearts within,
The little world, their all in all!
Just then the waiting maids bore through
The breakfast of King Nintoku.

Quoth the Emperor, gazing round,
"Wherefore, when my meats abound,
See I not much smoke arise
From these huts beneath mine eyes?
Chimneys jut into the air,
Yet no chimney reek is there
Telling that the household pot
Bubbles glad with boiled rice hot.

"Gild me no more galleries,
If my people pay the gold!
Let my gates unplated go,
If the silver leaves them cold
This city of all tax I ease
For three years! We decree it so!
From all huts there shall be smoke!"
Thus the Emperor Nintok spoke.

Sped three years. Upon his roof
The monarch paced again. Aloof
His Empress hung, ill pleased to see
The snows drip through her gallery,
The gates agape with cracks, and gray
For wear and weather. "Consort! say
If so the Emperor of Japan
Should lodge, like some vile peasant man,
Whose thatch leaks for a load of straw?"
"Princess August, what reeks a flaw,"
Nintok replied, "in gate or wall,
When, far and wide, these chimneys all"
Fling their blue house flags to the sky,
Where the gods count them? Thou and I
Take part in all the poor folks' health;
The people's weal makes princes' wealth!"

—*Sir Edwin Arnold, in the London Telegraph.*

A WEDDING IN KOREA.

Among most people the wedding forms one of the most notable events in social life, and the Koreans are no exception to the rule. Yesterday we were informed that an opportunity was afforded us to witness a wedding conducted according to the Korean custom. The invitation was promptly accepted.

In company with two friends I took my way to a Korean hut near the wall, where a youth and his betrothed were about to make their bows to each other. Just as we arrived, the good-natured round-faced fellow was donning his outer robes in an open space in front of the house.

According to Korean custom, he wore a costume like that which officials wear—one which he had hired for the occasion. The robe was a dark green, and bore "placques" with a pair of embroidered storks on the breast and back. About the wearer, like a hoop, was the black enamelled belt, and on his head was a "palace-going" hat with wings on its sides, and finally he got himself into shoes that looked like "arctic" overshoes, two or three sizes too large for him.

At last he was ready to go indoors. An attendant preceded him with a red, flat-brimmed hat on his head, about his neck a string of beads, and in his arms a goose. The goose's feet were tied, and fastened through her beak was a little skein of red silk. In the two marched—three perhaps I ought to say. The court of the house had an awning of gunny-sacking suspended over it. Here a red table stood, with two red ornaments on it which looked like tall candlesticks, or sealed vases. The court was full of Koreans—men, women and children.

In front of the table, the bridegroom bowed two or three times. And singular bowing it was. He gently lowered himself upon his knees, and then bringing forward his hands upon the mat, he bowed till his head touched the back of his hands. Then gracefully he resumed the standing posture.

The last time he bowed, he sank with the goose in his arms. I am told that the goose is the symbol of fidelity in Korea; it being popularly believed that if a wild goose dies its spouse never mates again.

By special invitation we then assumed a position upon the porch of the little house, facing the court. A mat was placed upon the steps, connecting with another mat on the porch. Presently the groom came to the front of the steps, and stood there; while our attention was called to the room opening upon the porch. This room was filled with women, mostly young and more or less good-looking. I had caught a peep at the bride, as she sat on a cushion.

But now she was coming out. Two middle-aged women accompanied her, each one holding one of the bride's arms and guiding her steps, for her eyes were sealed completely. Clear up to her jetty hair, the face of the *petite* bride was painted a ghastly white. In the middle of her forehead and on each cheek were painted great, round, red spots; her lips were also bright red.

Her dress consisted of a bright green waist, over a brilliant red skirt. Fastened through the back of her dress at the shoulders was an ornamental rod, perhaps eighteen inches long. I remember it, for I almost got caught on it, in brushing by her later on.

Upon her head was a crown-like cushion, surmounted by half a dozen nodding sticks of beads, possibly three inches long. Down her back hung two broad brown ribbons, caught together with two ornaments, one a smooth, rectangular red stone; and the other a rosette of white jade, a stone precious in the East.

A KOREAN WEDDING.

This little, painted, gorgeous creature was guided out, as I have said, by two middle-aged women. Across the mat they went, and at the end of the porch they turned the little bride about, and laid over her clasped hands a white handkerchief.

The groom now stepped to the other end of the mat, and the principal part of the wedding ceremony began. The bride made her bows. The attendants raised her arms till the small, draped hands lay level with the sightless eyes. Then, partially supported by the matronly women, she sank in a curtesy so profound that at the lowest point she was almost in a sitting posture. Then in the same slow, solemn manner she rose again. Her face at this time, and indeed during all the ceremony, was as expressionless as the face of a sphinx.

Three times this profound curtsey was repeated. Then it was the groom's turn. His face had more feeling in it than hers. Indeed it looked flushed and anxious; much as a European's face might have appeared under corresponding circumstances. Our Korean groom now responded to his bride's greetings with three bows, in which his head almost touched the floor. Then the bride and the groom were made to sit down upon their respective ends of the mat.

A table stood against the wall, laden with what Koreans consider delicacies, but what they seemed to our perverted foreign taste I will refrain from stating, out of politeness to our host. Bread looking like a white grindstone, dishes of white, stringy vermicelli, bowls of "Kimche," a native sauer-kraut, candies, and a bottle of native liquor were there.

The couple were now sitting. The woman nearest the table took a cup and filled it with liquor. This she touched to the bride's draped hands, and presented it to the groom. He took a sip, and handed it back. She refilled the cup, and they repeated the ceremony to the third time.

Then came a curious performance. The "go-between" had a part to do. She was the old lady with gray hair, who had literally "made the match." She had attended to all the necessary preliminaries, even to *doing the courting for* the young people. The goose again appeared upon the scene. This time the skein of red silk had been removed from the holes in her beak.

Another woman held the bird, while the aged match-maker filled her hand with soft, stringy vermicelli, and offered it to her gray birdship. The goose eagerly dabbed away with her beak until she was nearly satisfied, when the old lady finished the ceremony by eating herself what was left in her hand.

All this had been done in the doorway leading into the bridal chamber. This room was now cleared of its young and middle-aged ladies, who were compelled to join the crowd in the court. To the bridal chamber the groom repaired, and removing his wedding robes, which made him look like an official, assumed garments more befitting his rank. His new costume consisted of a new white robe, and one of the ordinary broad-brimmed, conical-crowned hats.

He then came out, and the bride retired to the room, to resume again her cushion on the floor; but just before she subsided into her placid meditations, her two attendants required her to bow to her foreign guests, and three times, without the movement of a muscle in her face, she sank to the floor in profound curtsies. We did not know just what was required of us at this juncture, but one after another, with perplexity written on our faces, we saluted the bride with American bows.

They were just arranging boxes with the view to feasting us with Korean delicacies, when the lady of our party reached the conclusion that it was time to retire. The motion was carried without debate, and amid many hospitable protests we made our farewells in our best available Korean phrases and withdrew, wishing for our hosts every possible blessing.—*Daniel L. Gifford in Youth's Companion.*

EVERY INCH A KING.

Khama rules over a tribe of the Betyuana people in South Africa called Bamangwato, and he deserves all praise for the manner in which he has kept out of his country the sale of ardent spirits. When young, he became a Christian, and all the missionaries who have labored among his people speak of him as most helpful to them. Some years ago a few Europeans endeavored to introduce into his territory cases and casks of rum. They told the chief that they "contained medicine," and the casks they promised to leave untouched. Khama consented, on condition that he did not see drunkenness.

It was not long before he beheld some of his people staggering about like white inebriates. The chief called the Europeans, and said:

"I will have no more ardent spirits brought into my country."

"But," replied the white men, "surely you will not object to our bringing in a case or two for private use at our own table?"

Khama replied, "No, I will not allow a single case to be brought in. You promised me that there should be no intoxication, but have deceived me." An old hotel keeper, not wishing to be baffled by an African chief, began to press his views, but Khama silenced him by these words.

"You made me a solemn promise, which you have broken, and now I command you to leave my country." After reminding the traders of their disregard of his warnings and of the laws of his country, which conduct on their part he attributed, and perhaps not unjustly, to his nationality and color, Khama continued:

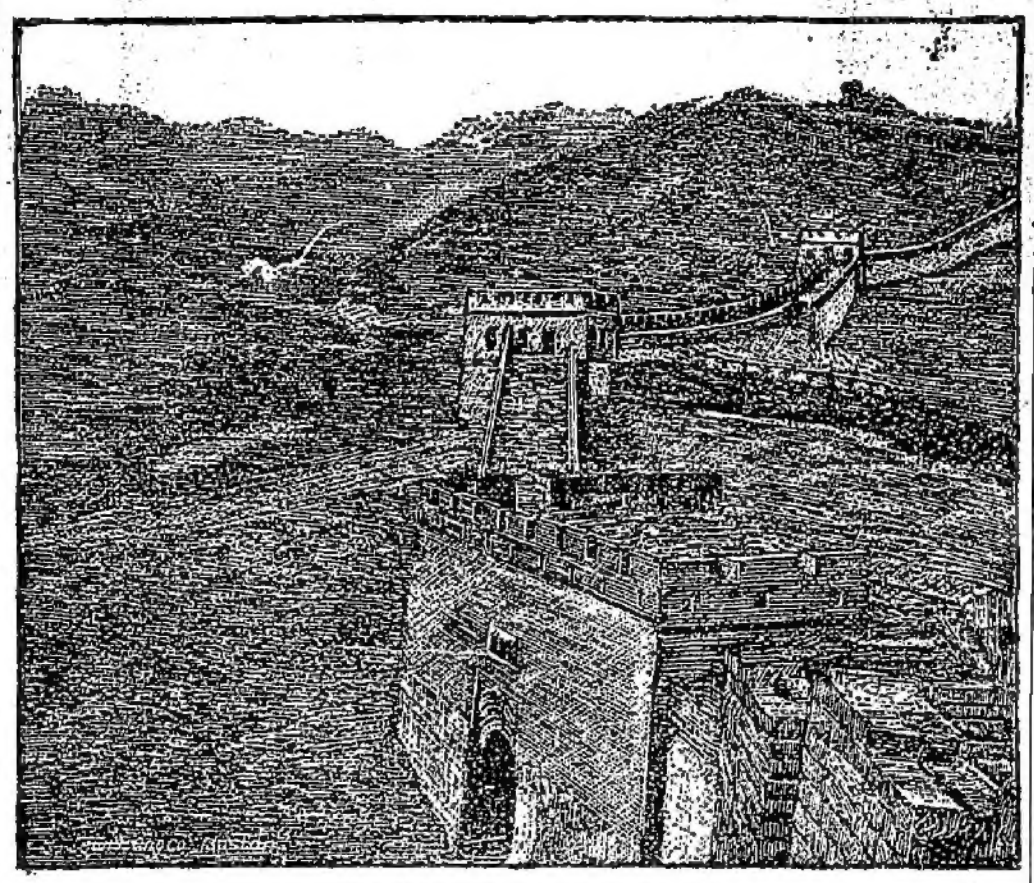
Well, I am black, but if I am black, I am chief of my country at present. When you white men rule in the country, you will do as you like, but now I rule, and shall maintain my laws which you insult and despise; you have insulted me because I am a black man, in my own town—you do so because you despise black men in your hearts. Go back to your own country, take everything you have got, strip the iron stoop off your houses,—take all that is yours, and go. I am trying to teach my people to act in accordance with the Word of God, which we have received from you white people, and you show them an example of wickedness such as we never knew. You know that some of my own brothers have got to like drink, and you know I do not want them to see it even, that they may forget the habit, and you not only bring it, and offer it to them, but try to tempt me with it. I make an end of it to-day! Go, take your cattle and leave my town, and never come back again."

The English missionary, Dr. Hepburn, who was present when Khama uttered these words, said that "utmost silence followed. Shame and utter bewilderment fell on most of them. They had expected nothing like this, and lost the very power to reply." Since the above occurred, this brave, noble Christian chief has never wavered, and although repeated attempts have been made to introduce ardent spirits into his country by unprincipled white men, all have been unavailing! Who will not utter an emphatic Amen to the prayer of the missionary among the Bamangwato, "Long may God uphold Khama in his earnest endeavors to raise and purify the people over whom he has placed him?" Would that I could say that other African chiefs are copying the example of Khama! Alas, in too many instances they yield to the temptations which assail them, and not only drink themselves the white men's grog, but encourage their people to do so.

The large tribe of Amaswazi, whose country is supposed by many to be the most auriferous in South-eastern Africa, seems destined to be swept away, and that, too, in a short time, by the stream of intemperance which is flowing through their territory. Umbandine, their chief, is reported to be in a state of intoxication more than half the time. All the rum which is killing him and his people is imported into Africa by white men.—*J. Tyler, in Christian Secretary.*

NONE LIKE IT.

Two business men in Australia were overheard talking about trade prospects in Madagascar. One of them said: "Well, you see, the missionaries always have the sense to give their people the Bible. The Madagascar people have had it long, and you may depend upon it that, whatever you or I may choose to think about the Bible, there is no book in the world like it for lifting up a nation. I have seen it myself in that island, and seen it for myself elsewhere."



INNER GREAT WALL NEAR PEKING.

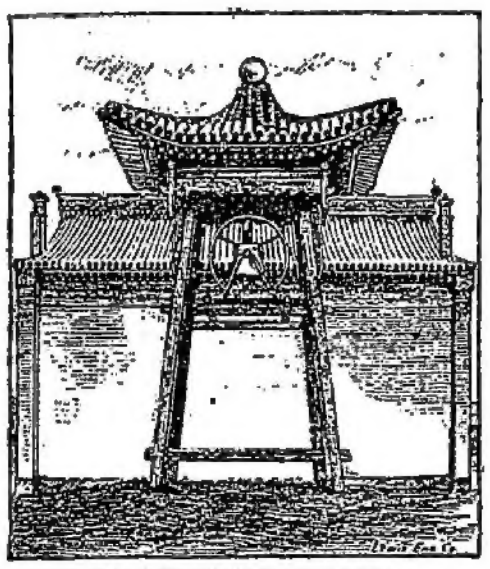
UNDER THE SHADOW OF CHINA'S GREAT WALL.

BY REV. WM. P. SPRAGUE, OF KALGAN, NORTH CHINA.

If any one doubts the existence of China's Great Wall, let him come with me to Kalgan, and see for himself the identical wall built by the first Emperor Chin, in 200 B.C.

Take a steamer across the Pacific to Tientsin, then a native boat up the Pei Ho River three days, then pack-saddle or mule-litter five days more, through mountains and plains to Kalgan. Before you reach the city you see a dark line along the hilltops just beyond the town, and by the time you enter our compound you see the wall stretching away over the mountains as far as the eye can reach, both east and west, with towers on all the prominent elevations. As we pay it a visit for closer inspection, you find it a windrow or ridge of reddish-brown porphyry rock broken, not cut, into irregular blocks. These are so well fitted to each other that the outer surface is tolerably smooth and has somewhat the appearance of crazy patchwork. The accompanying diagram may help you form some idea of its shape.

It is about ten feet broad at base and



BELL AND TOWER OF CHAPEL.

fifteen feet high, the sides sloping to a sharp ridge like a steep house-roof. You may follow this wall eastward to the sea, and westward to Kansuh, the north-western province; and so doing you will have traversed the entire northern frontier of China, fifteen hundred miles. Though you find several hundred miles of adobe sun-dried mud-wall, yet other hundreds of miles are of good brick and higher than at Kalgan. By the time you have traced its length you will be willing to concede, not only that China has a great wall, but also that the ruler who could conquor so vast a country, drive out the invading Tartars, and build a fortification fifteen hundred miles long to keep them out, was worthy to be called the First Emperor, and to give his name (China) to the country.

If any one laughs at the folly of spending so much labor on such a useless defence, let him remember that it was a defence only against horseback riders, armed with nothing but bows and arrows. A few guards on the watchtowers could, with their signal fires on the mountain-tops, easily rouse the villagers, far and near, to the defence of their homes. And this wall accomplished its purpose for over a thousand years, when the great Ghenghis Khan with his brave Mongol followers broke their way through. In the picture of the north wall and gate of Kalgan you may see the gateway through which he forced his way in his victorious march to Peking and the conquest of the empire.

This section of the great wall becomes for half a mile the city wall of Kalgan. A beautiful temple is built on this wall to celebrate Ghenghis Khan's victorious passage.

This two-thousand-year-old wall is little known to the world at large, because there is another wall much oftener visited and described by visitors from the western world. It is near Peking and a far more imposing structure. A section of it is shown in the cut above. This is only an inner arm of the Great Wall, but five hundred miles long and not so old by seven hundred years. It is built of cut granite and good brick, and is thirty feet wide at its base, twenty-five feet wide at the top, and thirty feet high. It is a fine sight as it winds over the highest mountain-tops.

But there is a certain little millet field and threshing-floor within a mile of that outer great wall at Kalgan which is to become more famous than either of these walls. The field was bought in 1881 by the missionaries for the American Board, and on it has been built the first Protestant church edifice in all this northern region. An American church-bell, hung in a tower beside this chapel, calls together from fifty to one hundred Christians for prayer and worship. The fourth drawing shows the bell and tower and side of the chapel. There are also built upon this ground three missionary residences and two school buildings.

Out from this Bethel sounds the gospel of salvation in many ways. First in importance is the teaching of Bible truth to the young. We have had a boys' day-school for more than twenty years. Several from this school have become useful Christians. One is now a preacher and several others are studying for the ministry. And now we have started a boarding school that we may have the promising boys under our more immediate influence and instruction. We shall fit some of them for the college department of our central school at Tung-cho, and such as prove efficient and seem to be called of God to the work will continue through the Theological Seminary One of the boys in the boarding school at Kalgan is supported by a Christian Endeavor Society in the State of New York. There are more bright, Christian boys waiting to be adopted by other societies. It costs but $25 a year to do this. Who would like to aid in this work?

Outside of these schools we have applications from young men to teach them the Bible in the winter-time, inasmuch as in the summer they are too busy on their farms even to listen to preaching. We usually have a class of twenty or thirty of these. Some are Christians and want to work for God, but do not know how. Others are inquirers after truth, and here as elsewhere those who honestly seek for the truth find it. It requires about $5 to help one of these country youths to a winter's study of the Bible.

And then, for the little bound-footed girls, we have the best school of all. It is a boarding school in a good building on our compound, and Miss Diament gives to them her almost undivided attention. Some of the girls are children of church members, while others are children of heathen parents. All are being loosened from a bondage of error and superstition worse than foot-binding. Many of these come from dark and filthy houses of ignorance and misery and cruelty. In this bright, cheerful school home they learn godliness and cleanliness and good housekeeping. And then they go back prepared, with God's help, to renovate, enlighten, and transform these houses of sorrow into happy Christian homes.

To support one of these girls in this school requires about $30 a year. There are now about sixteen of them. Who wants to help more girls out of the darkness into the blessed sunshine of the gospel? For each of these schools and the missionary work they represent, we bespeak your sympathy and your prayers.

Are there not some sons and daughters of the King, who read this account, who will, for Christ's sake, come to these ends of the earth to help save some of these for whom Christ came from heaven? Are there not others who would like to send a substitute to tell these perishing ones the wonderful words of God's love? In the schools above spoken of see an opportunity of training and sending forth your missionary to rescue many of China's millions. And will not each of you hereafter, as you think of China's Great Wall, also think of, pity, and pray for, the great multitudes who live under its shadow?—*Missionary Herald.*

CONQUERING AN OBSTACLE.

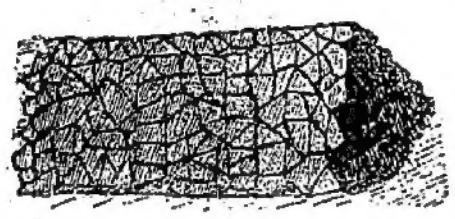
Tom Pippet was always a little fellow; so small that when he was in the senior class in college the smallest boy in the preparatory school "looked down" upon him in a literal sense.

Every boy who has himself a physical defect can understand how mighty a matter this lack of size had seemed to Tom. For some years of his life it was to him the most important thing in the world. There were such great deeds to be done, and he felt that he could do them, only—he stood but five feet in his boots!

It was hopeless to try to be a hero! His name, too, was unfortunate. The boys changed it to Poppet, to Pipes, to Pipkin, to Pint. It was easy to be witty at the expense of the little fellow.

One day an old professor, seeing him shrink at some gibe, said to him, "Tom, there is something within you with which your little body has nothing to do. Show that to the world. Ignore and disregard your size, and you will teach others to ignore and disregard it."

Ther kindly word was the pebble which turned the stream of Tom's life into a new channel. He had thus far failed from very despair to try to make something of him-



OUTER GREAT WALL AT KALGAN.

self; he now began to study vigorously. He was a born orator, and his voice was fine. The class soon began to be proud of him, and to boast of his size as another reason for their approval for him. When his small figure appeared upon the platform on Commencement Day, the storm of applause which greeted him was due as much to the triumph over this physical defect as to the actual work which he had done.

At the bar in the town in which Tom practised as a lawyer he was known as "Little Webster," so accurate was his knowledge and so effective his eloquence.

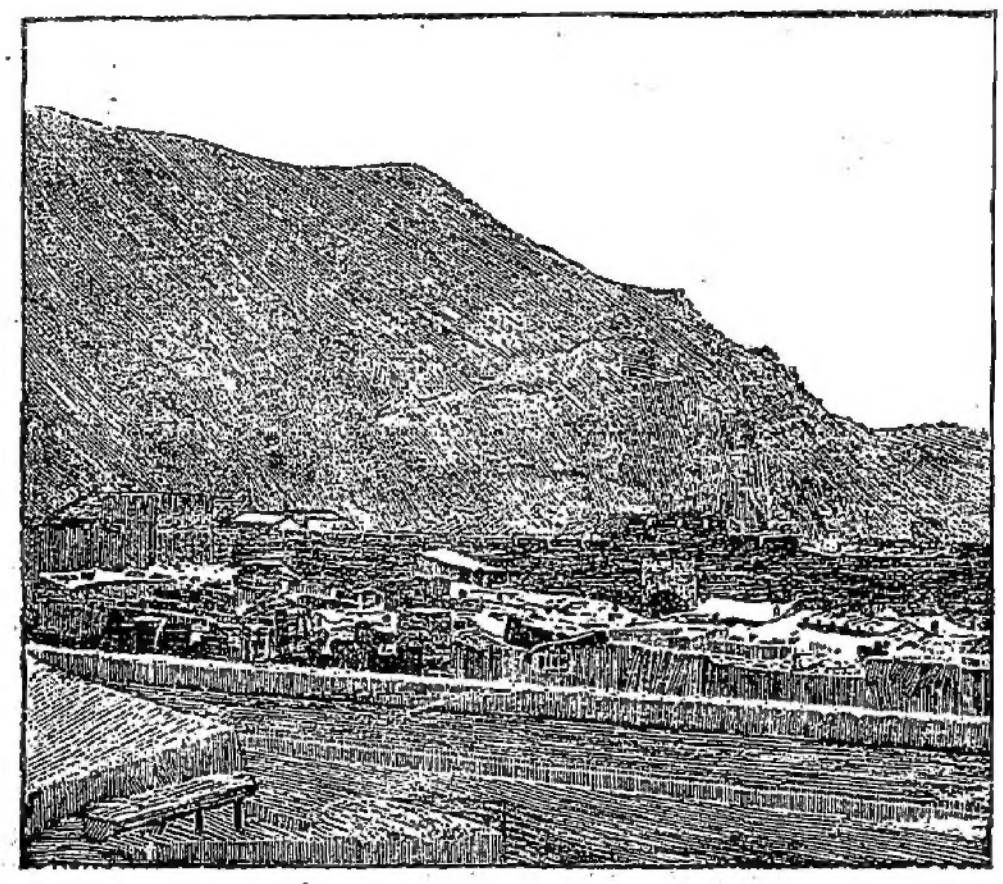
The Civil War began, and Tom, with other sincere men, North and South, rushed to the battle-field. His men followed their little captain as confidently as though he had been seven feet high. He was badly wounded at Chancellorsville, and sent to a hospital, whence he was discharged minus a part of two limbs. He had been engaged to a woman whom he had loved for years.

"Tell her that she is free," he said to her father, who came to see him, adding, with a sad smile, "There never was much of me, but now I am only the wreck of a man."

She wrote back: "If there is enough body left to hold his soul, I will marry him."

They were married, and Tom became a useful citizen in the community in which he lived. He acquired influence and property, and used both to noble purpose. When the great disaster at Johnstown occurred, he hastened to the place and worked among the homeless, starving people, surrounded by thousands of unburied dead. He went home worn out by labor, and died, strong, bright, cheery to the last.

Is there nothing in this true story of a true life to help our readers who have some bodily defect which seems a hopeless obstacle in their path?—*Youth's Companion.*



NORTH WALL AND GATE OF KALGAN.

MAKING SHOES.

In his little hut by the rocky shore,
Where the waters ever with changing hues
Creep in and out with a drowsy roar,
Sits an old man fashioning babies' shoes;
His face is wrinkled, his hair is white,
His form is bent with his years of care,
But always the old man's heart is light,
And he sings to himself as he labors there
"Pegging away
All the long day
Stitching over till set of sun
Tides ebb and flow,
Hours come and go,
Rest comes after the work is done."

Through the window, glistening far away,
He watches the white sails out at sea,
As they slowly fade from the shining bay,
Chased out by the west wind light and free;
And a far-off look in his faded eyes
Reveals that his thoughts are drifting far
With the gleaming sails where the sea gull flies,
And he sings with his heart o'er the harbor bar:
"Pegging away,
All the long day,
White sails drifting across the sea;
Tides ebb and flow,
Days come and go,
Voyage soon over for you and me."

He turns to his work, and his rough old hands,
As honest as human hands can be,
Draw out the threads with their twisted strands
And stitch the crooked seams faithfully,
For babies' feet must be shod with care,
And old age carries the work along,
And shoes are better by far to wear
When pegged and stitched with a little song:
"Pegging away
All the long day,
Infancy, childhood, youth and age
Tides ebb and flow,
Years come and go;
Life is only a written page!"

And thus he toils, while the days go by,
Spring turns to summer along the shore,
The summers fade and the roses die,
And snow drifts whiten the headlands o'er;
And, day by day, as the season's run,
He sings and toils in a thoughtful use,
His threads near wasted, work almost done,
An old man fashioning shoes:
"Pegging away
All the long day,
Shine and shadow, spring and fall;
Tides ebb and flow,
Men come and go;
God the Father is over all!"

—J. S. Cutler, in Youth's Companion.

THE ENGLISH SHOE-BLACK BRIGADES.

BY THE REV. ANDREW LEES.

Although the application of the subject of this article will be found beyond the power of the multitude whose eyes scan the pages of the *Sunday-School Times*, the religious phase of it is so novel, and the genuineness of the type so youthful and rough, that fresh stimulus may be imparted to some open-hearted and hungry readers. We are so much accustomed to look at Christianity as it appears in staid gatherings of worshippers, within handsome and commodious buildings, under refined manners, in mature life, and associated with fine clothing, that we are startled to find it thriving vigorously in healthy lads making a living on the streets of London. "Who are they?" the intelligent traveller may ask. "There are no outward indications of such a type of religious life on the public thoroughfares of the modern Babylon." With unusual satisfaction we gladly answer it is a brilliant Christian fact that the uncouth fellows with boot-boxes and blacking-brushes before them on the sidewalk at every second or third corner are rough Christian diamonds being remodelled by the Holy Spirit and religious services. They are recognized in our civilization by the sable and sturdy title of The Shoe-black Brigade.

The ragged schools having been commenced, in 1810, by Thomas Cranfield, assisted by George Medley, a personal friend, for feeding, clothing and educating outcast and destitute boys, were carried on mostly by voluntary teachers until 1850, when it was felt by those most interested that some of the boys might be put to useful work. On November 27 of that year, a number of the teachers met, under the presidency of Lord Ashley, to consider means by which the boys who were sufficiently advanced might find employment. The Universal Exhibition to be held in Hyde Park the following year was looked forward to with much hope in this direction; and there was an impression existing in the minds of a few, that, among the hundreds of thousands of foreigners and others in London, work might be procured for many of the boys. The meeting, however, broke up without coming to any agreement or practical result. When three of the teachers, young barristers, were returning home from it, and thinking over the problem, one of them asked the others, "Why not make some of our boys into shoe-blacks for the visitors to employ on the streets, as I have often seen in Paris?" The suggestion was promptly taken up, and each gave $2.50 to begin with. They began teaching the boys the art of shoe-blacking, adding politeness, and working hard, they were successful. On January 19, 1851, a shoe-black was first seen by the London public pursuing his calling. A meeting of the friends of the new project was called in Field Lane School-room, Captain Trotter in the chair, and a former thief was selected and put upon the platform, dressed in his red Jersey jacket, to exhibit the method of doing his work on the street.

On February 24, rooms were hired near John Street, Strand for sixty-five cents a week; and the three lawyers acted as teachers, for the time being, of the boys in polishing boots and shoes. It is needless to say that to such whole-souled men it became a pleasant and merry school. The work soon exceeded their direct personal control; and while they were on their knees praying for God to send a suitable person to undertake the charge of the boys, a man knocked at the door. He was employed, and he worked most successfully nineteen years among the lads. The first regular Brigade boy was put to work at Leicester Square, and the first customer on the ground was a typical stout Englishman. The boy touched his cap, went to work, brushed down his trousers, polished his boots, and touched his cap again when he got his penny. Another and another came, and on that day he took in a large number of pennies, and founded the important branch of youthful employment.

The police appointed the stations for the work in Piccadilly, Regent street, Holborn, at the Thames bridges, and in the parks. The honesty of the boys was tested, but they were found correct in their returns. On July 30, 1851, thirty-three shoe-blacks held a picnic at the Exhibition. During its progress they made $2,500 at it. One of the few first boys who had been in the police office thirteen times turned out well, and five of the original brigade went to Canada and prospered. Love, from the commencement, was the motive-power applied to the boys, and it was found all-sufficient. New brigades were formed, and the movement spread. The original or Central Brigade, organized at the above date, wears red color jackets; the East London, formed in 1851, wears blue jackets; the Notting Hill, organized in 1853, wears blue and white facings; the South London, founded in 1854, wears red; the North London, organized in 1857, wears brown and red; the North-West London, founded the same year, wears red and black facings; the West London, organized also in the same year, wears purple and scarlet; the Union Jack, founded in 1858, wears blue sailor; and the Tower Hamlets, founded in 1873, are known by their red and blue facings. Each of these brigades is now self-supporting.

In 1888 the total earnings amounted to $55,416, and the sum in bank deposited by the boys to their credit was $1,865.50. The lowest number of boys in a brigade is twenty, and the highest at present (or recently) is seventy. The rules forbid them to be increased above a hundred. Each boy carries his number on his badge. One lad is assigned to each station, but sometimes in the city part of London two are put to work together. Stations are changed twice a week, because some of them are more profitable than others. There are four divisions in each brigade, and each boy, as he enters, starts at the bottom of the lowest division, and his promotion depends upon his own honesty and diligence. The best paying stations are appointed to the first division class of boys. The average wages made is $4.50 per week, and sometimes a boy takes $2.50 in a day. April, May, and June are the most favorable months of the year, because the showers are more frequent. Prizes are awarded to encourage diligence, making just allowance for the lucrative stands. A tea-party is given them every winter, and an excursion to the country is provided for them every summer.

This brief sketch of the history and public life of the Shoe-black Brigade leads us, in a few sentences, to glance at their home, educational, and religious life. Each brigade has a building for itself, including sleeping-rooms, dining-rooms, school-room, gymnasium, bath-room, and other modern conveniences. There is a superintendent and matron, with the necessary help. One of the boys is appointed monitor of each sleeping-room, to keep order; the boy longest in the room generally fills the post. In the largest dormitory there are thirty-five good beds. Elevating pictures and practical texts of Scripture are hung up in every room of each establishment. A boy is required to pay four cents per night for his bed, but all the other uses and privileges of the building are included in the weekly society deduction. Boys who have mothers or friends able to accommodate them with beds can go to such homes at night; but they must report first thing in the morning, and leave the brigade at night after all duties have been performed. The home makes itself responsible for preparing meals on Sunday. During week days, the lads may take their breakfast, for which they are required to pay before leaving for their work, or in a public restaurant. The money received by them is delivered to the superintendent every night. If a boy earns $4.50 per week, $2.00 are paid to him as wages, $1.25 is retained for the support of the brigade, and $1.25 is put in the bank to his credit.

But the intellectual improvement of the boys is carefully provided for. Four evenings each week all are required to attend school on the premises, of an hour and a half's duration, conducted by certificated teachers. The usual course of study, of all grades, pursued in the public schools is pursued, and the scholars are examined in the month of May of each year by a board of school inspectors. No punishment is allowed nor force employed but that of love or kindness in the governing of the school by a few simple rules. The proportion of one in every seventy on the streets cannot read, but a member is able to do so when he leaves the Brigade. They have music taught them, and have amusements and physical exercise.

Moreover, the religious training of the boys is attended to with the utmost care. There is no work allowed on Sunday, and consequently no boy belonging to the Brigade is to be seen working on the sacred day of rest. In the morning, the boys either attend some Protestant place of worship in the neighborhood, marched in their Sunday uniform by their superintendent, or services are held for them in the Brigade hall, conducted by theological students, the superintendent, or some qualified person. In the evening, evangelistic services are held in each Brigade building, suitably adapted, at which each boy attends. These latter services are often conducted by such gentlemen as Lord Kinnaird, or ministers, missionaries, and well-prepared Christian workers. There are no Sunday-schools in connection with the brigades. On week-day mornings, the boys are all assembled for reading the Scriptures and prayer before going to their duty at the public street corners. At night, worship of half an hour's length, including singing, reading of the Scriptures, and prayer, is conducted, which every one attends. Occasionally, Christian men give them additional religious and moral addresses. Thus the lads are under strong religious influences and Christian training.

The English uniformed shoe-black then making his living in the streets is a lad who participates in Christian worship morning and evening of every week-day; who keeps the Sabbath, engages in public worship, who attends night school six hours per week under duly qualified teachers, and who, in all probability, is a young, modest, and rugged Christian. Many mothers' hearts have been gladdened by seeing their reformed boys living honest and industrious lives. In due time, many of them enter the better-to-do avenue of life. One becomes an American railway manager, one a sea-captain, some sailors, some soldiers, and many mechanics. Indeed, generally speaking, shoe-blacks, although not children of Christian homes, are members of Christian brigades who conduct themselves in a manner worthy of the son of an honored Christian pastor. Young Christians will be glad at this accession to the multitude of those who follow the Saviour of sinners. Out of about eight thousand boys of from fourteen to seventeen years of age, a large number have been Christianized and taught how to make an honest and honorable living. The shoe-blacks on the streets of London, therefore, may be classified among the most religiously disposed persons to be found amid the surging throngs on the streets of the great metropolis of the world,—a fact in which every Sunday-school officer, teacher, and a host of scholars, will heartily rejoice.

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